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Review of New Books.

A Manual of Chemistry; containing the principal Facts of the Science, arranged in the order in which they are discussed, and illustrated in the Lectures at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By William Thomas Brande, Secretary of the Royal Society, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 652. London, 1819.

THERE is no science which has made such rapid advances during the last few years, as that of chemistry. Until within the last two centuries, the talents of our chemists, or rather alchemists, were exclusively directed to the transmutation of metals and the fabrication of an universal elixir. Our own countrymen, however, were the first to discard these visionary hypotheses, and proceeded to the investigation of truth by the steady daylight of real philosophy; and Bacon, Boyle, Hooke, and Newton, may justly be deemed the fathers of chemical philosophy. Bacon, it is true, did little more than expose the futility of the ancient philosophical systems, and annihilate their influence; but, in doing this, he established the necessity of well-digested experiment, which 'first procures the light, then shews the way by its means.' Boyle, who was born in the year in which Lord Bacon died, wrote upon many subjects, and, among them, on chemistry, such as it was at his time; and although he did not display much skill as an experimental philosopher, yet his attainments were highly esteemed by Newton; and he had a considerable share in the early proceedings of the Royal Society, 'a body from which the chief lights of British science have directly emanated.' Of this society he was chosen president, but owing to some peculiarity in his notions respecting the administration of oaths, he declined taking those required upon the occasion, and, upon this account, the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren was his substitute.

The name of Robert Hooke stands pre-eminent among the founders of chemical science, and although his contributions are of various degrees of merit, yet his theory of combustion principally fixes the attention of the chemical reader. Mayow adopted the views of Hooke, but extended and embellished them, at the same time displaying much originality.

Newton, to whom all science lies under deep obligation, made two capital contributions to chemistry. He subverted the ancient doctrines concerning the cause of chemical affinity; and, instead of referring the tendency which bodies have to combine to peculiar forms and attributes of their atoms, he referred it simply to attractions belonging to their ultimate particles.

To him we are also indebted for the discovery of a mode of graduating thermometers, so as to render them correspondent with each other; thus was that real utility conferred on the

instrument by which philosophers were afterwards enabled to carry on their researches in a very difficult part of chemistry, with remarkable facility and precision.

In France, chemistry had made some progress, when in 1666, the Royal Academy of Sciences was instituted at Paris, and enrolled in its annals the names of Homberg, Geoffroy, and the two Lemerys, who soon became celebrated for their various discoveries and improvements in chemistry. Homberg discovered the boracic acid and pyrophorus; Geoffroy was the first compiler of the *Paris Pharmacopœia*; and Lemery acquired considerable fame as a teacher, by bringing the leading doctrines of chemistry to the level of ordinary understandings. Beccher, who wrote in 1669, referred the changes which natural substances undergo, to the natural agencies of a few elementary principles, and insisted upon the powers of art as adequate to the performance of the various operations of nature: Much of his time was spent in visiting mines and examining mineral bodies, and he added to the instruments of chemical research, and simplified many of the very complex operations then prevalent in the laboratory. He was succeeded by Ernest Stahl, a German, the founder of the Phlogistic Theory. Boerhave was a clear writer, but not a successful experimentalist; and Hales, who was born in Kent, in 1677, made researches into the physiology of vegetation, and may be regarded as the founder of that department of chemistry which relates to æriform bodies, and which was so ardently and successfully prosecuted soon after he retired from the field.

The discoveries of Dr. Black may be considered as forming an era in the science of chemistry; his first experiments refer to the cause of causticity in the earths and alcalis, and his researches led him to ascertain the existence of a peculiar æriform matter in the mild earths and alcalis, which was driven off by heat and expelled by acids, and which he called fixed air: these views were confirmed by Dr. Macbride, of Dublin, in 1764, and in the following year Dr. Brownrigg threw out some curious hints on the same subject. But the main foundation of Dr. Black's scientific eminence is in his inquiries relating to the operation of heat in changing the state of bodies, as in converting solids into liquids, and liquids into vapours. In 1772, Dr. Rutherford discovered nitrogen; and various persons were prosecuting inquiries in pneumatic chemistry, when Dr. Priestley entered this field of research, and with surprising rapidity gathered an abundant crop of curious and important discoveries: his first publications related to the impregnation of water with fixed air, and the influence of growing vegetables upon the purity of the atmosphere. In 1774, he discovered oxygen gas, which he procured from red precipitate and red lead; he also discovered several other gases, and was the first who collected ammonia and sulphurous and muriatic acid over quick-

silver. Bergman was one of the first who prosecuted analytical chemistry with success; and his pupil Scheele was the discoverer of baryta, of the existence of nitrogen in ammonia, of the method of obtaining citric and tartaric acids, and of chlorine; and he obtained oxygen and nitrogen independent of any knowledge of the prior researches of Priestley and Rutherford.

Cavendish, whose contributions to science have justly exalted his name to a high rank among the distinguished men of Britain, attained his eminence not so much from the number of his discoveries, as from their intrinsic value and unimpeachable accuracy; and two great steps were made in chemistry by him—the discovery of the composition of water and of nitric acid.

While the boundaries of chemical science were thus rapidly extending in England, the celebrated Lavoisier, (who was afterwards guillotined by the sanguinary Robespierre,) was making some important additions on the nature of fixed air, which he proved to consist of charcoal and oxygen; and by demonstrating the similarity of the results of the combustion of the diamond and charcoal, he shewed the identity of these apparently dissimilar bodies; he also shewed that the atmosphere consists of about eight parts of oxygen gas and forty-two of nitrogen; and found that a candle burned, and an animal breathed, in such an artificial mixture, precisely as in common air. But Lavoisier's fame has usually been erected upon his views of the phenomena of combustion, which he combined into what has been termed the *Antiphlogistic Theory*. To him and his associates, Guyton Morveau and Fourcroy, belong the merit of the celebrated reform of chemical nomenclature, which, while it rejected the ludicrous terms of the alchemists, has facilitated the general acquisition of the science: and had chemistry remained stationary, or nearly so, this nomenclature would have been efficient, but new discoveries render changes continually necessary.

From Mr. Brande's Introduction we have now given a rapid sketch of the progress of chemistry, to the period to which he has brought it down, as the discoveries of contemporaries are enumerated in the 'Manual of Chemistry' in their proper places. During the last twenty years, greater and more important discoveries have been made in chemistry, especially so far as regards its application to the useful arts, than in all the period that had previously elapsed; and without depreciating the labours of any one who has contributed to this science, it must be acknowledged that Sir Humphry Davy and Mr. Brande hold a proud pre-eminence; the latter in particular, from his indefatigable industry as an experimentalist, is well qualified to give an account of the present state of Chemistry in all its details; this he has done in the volume before us in a clear and methodical manner, and in which the subjects are so arranged as much to facilitate the study of the science. After treating of the powers and properties of matter, and of the general laws of chemical changes, under the heads of attraction, heat, and electricity, he proceeds to radiant or imponderable matter; the simple supporters of combustion; simple acidifiable and inflammable substances; metals, and their combustion; vegetable substances; animal substances; and geology.

Amid such a variety of subjects, which are divided into nearly a thousand sections, it is difficult to make a selection which shall do justice to the author; in the extracts, however, that we shall make, we shall select such parts as are most easily detached from the general connexion of the

subject, and those which can most easily be explained. On the subject of heat, we have the following paradoxical experiment, illustrative of the influence of diminished pressure in facilitating ebullition:—

'Insert a stopcock securely into the neck of a Florence flask, containing a little water, and heat it over the lamp till the water boils, and the steam freely escapes by the open stop-cock; then suddenly remove the lamp, and close the cock. The water will soon cease to boil; but if plunged into a vessel of cold water, ebullition instantly recommences, but ceases if the flask be held near the fire: the vacuum in this case being produced by the condensation of the steam.'

Among a great number of curious experiments on solar phosphoric, the following directions are said to be the best for obtaining the simplest and most effectual of these bodies:—

'Take the most flaming coals off a brisk fire, and throw in some thick oyster-shells; then replace the coals, and calcine them for an hour; remove them carefully, and when cold, it will be found that, after exposing them for a few minutes to the light, they will glow in the dark with most of the prismatic colours.'

The high temperature of flame is proved by certain cases of combustion without flame; and it is on this principle that the platinum lamp is founded:—

'If a heated wire of platinum be introduced into any inflammable or explosive mixture, it will become ignited, and continue so till the gas is consumed; and inflammation will, in most cases, only take place when the wire becomes white hot. This experiment is easily made by pouring a small quantity of ether into the bottom of a beer-glass, and holding a piece of heated platinum wire a little above its surface; the wire becomes red hot, but does not inflame the vapour of the ether till it acquires an intense heat. The same fact is exhibited by putting a small coil of platinum wire round the wick of a spirit lamp, which, when heated, becomes red hot, and continues so as long as the vapour of the spirit is supplied, the heat never becoming sufficiently intense to produce its inflammation.'

If we cool flame by any means, we at the same time extinguish it; thus, if a piece of fine brass or iron wire gauze be brought down upon the flame of a candle, or upon an inflamed jet of coal gas, it will, as it were, cut the flame in half; and, that the cooled gaseous matter passes through, may be shewn by again lighting it upon the upper surface. It was the discovery of these facts, respecting the nature and properties of flame, that led Sir H. Davy to the construction of that invaluable and humane instrument, the safety lamp, by which means miners are now enabled to carry on their operations in perfect security. Some account of the dangers to which they were formerly subjected, and the simple and efficient means by which this great man has obviated them, cannot be uninteresting:—

'The second variety of carburetted hydrogen, or light hydro-carburet, is contained abundantly in coal strata, from fissures in which it is sometimes evolved in large quantities, forming what, in the language of the north country miners, it called a *blower*. When this gas has accumulated in any part of the gallery or chamber of a mine, so as to be mixed in certain proportions with common air, the presence of a lighted candle or lamp causes it to explode and destroy, injure or burn whatever is exposed to its violence. The miners are either immediately killed by the explosion, and thrown with the horses and machinery through the shaft into the air, the mine becoming as it were an enormous piece of artillery, from which they are projected, or they are gradually suffocated, and undergo a more painful death from the carbonic acid and nitrogen remaining in the mine after the explosion of the *fire-damp*; or what, though it appears the mildest, is per-

haps the most severe fate, they are burned or maimed, and often rendered incapable of labour and of healthy enjoyment for life.

'The properties of flame, and the principle of safety adopted in this [Sir Humphry Davy's] lamp, have already been adverted to. It is obvious from what has been said, that if the flame of a common lamp be every where properly surrounded with wire gauze, and in that state immersed into an explosive gaseous mixture, it will be inadequate to its inflammation, and that part only will be burned which is *within* the cage, communication to the inflammable air *without* being prevented by the cooling power of the metallic tissue; so that by such a lamp the explosive mixture will be consumed, but cannot be exploded.'

The safety-lamp recommended for general use by Sir H. Davy, consists of a cylinder of wire gauze, with a double top securely and carefully fastened on to a lamp; and the whole protected and rendered convenient for carrying by an outer frame:

'If the cylinder be of twilled wire gauze, the wire should at least be of the thickness of one-fortieth part of an inch, and of iron or copper; and thirty in the warp, and sixteen or eighteen in the weft. If of plain wire gauze, the wire should not be less than one-sixtieth of an inch in thickness, and from twenty-eight to thirty both warp and woof.'

(To be continued.)

More broad Grins; or, Mirth versus Melancholy. pp. 66. London, 1819.

FEW books, perhaps, have caused more loud laughs than the 'Broad Grins' of 'George Colman, the younger,' published a few years ago; it was a happy union of mirth and the muse, and good jokes were related in so agreeable and facetious a manner, that they could scarcely be forgotten. With such recollections of a former work under this title, we took up 'More Broad Grins,' with some fears that we should not be much gratified; but we must, however, confess, that although it is inferior to the former, yet it is much in the same style; the humour is less brilliant, and some of the jokes have not the merit of novelty, but the versification is easy, and many smart things are said in a very agreeable manner. There are seventeen tales and two epigrams in this little volume; we shall extract the two latter and two of the former, as specimens of the whole:—

'EPIGRAMS.

'Jack, for a scolding master, held the light,
When Tom declar'd his friend was far too civil:
Jack smartly cried—"You must allow I'm right
Sometimes to hold the Candle to the Devil!"

'Says Murphy to Paddy, "You're surely an ass,
To shut both your eyes, and then look in the glass!"
Says Paddy, "You blockhead, I wanted a peep,
To see what a beauty I look'd—when asleep!"

'DANIEL DIP. A Tale.

'Daniel Dip was the son of a sexton at York,
Of his bus'ness he wish'd him to learn the ground-work,
That Dip might dig graves after him in succession;
But Daniel ne'er fancied so grave a profession.

A Calend'rer thought him a good-natur'd boy,
And took him most willingly into employ;
His time out, to London he soon scour'd away,
Where he earn'd a good living by *dying* all day!

Now it chanc'd, that, where Daniel had set up in trade,
In want of a husband there liv'd an old maid;

A Maiden of Honour, but maidenhood hating,
So I think we must call her a *Lady in Waiting!*

This maiden was eighty; she own'd to threescore,
So 'tis *twenty* to one but she was *twenty* more;
The *cast* of her features 'twas hard to descry,
But I'm sure she'd a beautiful *cast* in her eye!

Now since Dip she employ'd, you might rightly infer
That poor Mr. Daniel was *dying* for her;
And in such a condition, a lad too so trim,
Where could be the harm of her *praying* for him?

Dan finding her drift, took it into his nob,
To consider how best he might *colour* the job;
Her person was bad, but far better her purse,
So Daniel soon took her for *better and worse*.

The house was soon furnish'd, from kitchen to garrets,
With kittens and puppies, and monkeys and parrots;
Till Dan look'd at last, by his easy compliance,
Like *Daniel* of old, in the *Den of the Lions!*

Mrs. Dip soon disclos'd that her temper's complexion
Partook very much of her *canine* connexion;
For she bark'd and she snarl'd, till Dan swore that his life
Was the very worst *Dip* he had made in his life!

In vain did he often declare, on his word,
The lines of their conduct would never accord;
She rated and teas'd the unfortunate soul,
'Till he ended his days at the end of his pole.

The coroner came—" 'Tis apparent," said he,
The poor fellow's committed a *Felo de se*;
But for *Cross-way* interments I think, on my life,
He'd enough of *Cross-ways* when he liv'd with his wife!"
So the matter was hush'd, and poor Dip was interr'd
With due ceremonial in Hockley Churchyard;
And the tombstone sets forth (a most faithful recorder!)
That he died of a lengthen'd *Polemic* disorder.'

'THE VOLUNTEER.

'When Britons call'd "to arms!"
And Frenchmen threaten'd to invade us,
When officers would up and down parade us,
To keep us safe and sound from harms;
When pert apprentices, God bless us!
March'd forth as volunteers, like ganders;
And citizens would oft address us,
As dire invincible commanders;

When ev'ry man, his loyalty to shew,
Declar'd he'd meet the daring foe,
And give the "*parlez-vous*" a damper!
And boldly march to field of battle,
Where trumpets sound and cannons rattle,
But never promis'd not to *scamper*;
A true-bred Briton, who was lame,
With military ardour rose,
To gain a sprig of honest fame,
And not to *dress himself*—but *dress his foes!*

March'd forth, and said he wish'd to fight,
That he might well-earn'd laurels claim;
For battles were his chief delight:
But there was one *objection*—he was *lame*.

"Lame! (cried the Briton) zounds, I say
I came to *fight*, and not to *run away!*"

Journey from Moscow to Constantinople, in the years 1817 and 1818. By William Macmichael, M. D. F. R. S. 4to. pp. 272. London, 1819.

(Continued from our last.)

FROM the banks of the Pruth to Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, is a drive of three hours, over a hilly country

covered with wood; as there is no inn in this town, our travellers were entertained at the house of the English vice-consul. The boyars, or nobles, of Moldavia, generally live in affluent circumstances, some of them being possessed of an annual income of 30,000 ducats, the greatest part of which they spend in gambling.

At Constantinople, the Greeks are not allowed the privilege of bells, which must be a great privation, if we may judge of the importance which they attach to them in Russia and Moldavia; in Moscow, one has been cast that weighs about sixty-six tons, and at Jassy, the continued ringing of bells is a great annoyance to the stranger:—

‘Among the numerous Greek churches at Jassy, our attention was particularly attracted by the very ancient one, dedicated to their three saints, George, Basil, and John. The whole of its exterior is covered with stucco, moulded into the most curious and intricate forms, not unlike the irregular patterns, sometimes seen on paper or carpets. Tradition reports, that all this highly-ornamented surface was formerly coated with gold, of which it was despoiled at the time of an inroad of the Tartars, by the conquerors making a fire round the church, and melting its superb gilding.’

The city of Jassy is situated on the declivity of a hill, and consists of a mixture of low miserable huts, covered with shingles, and of spacious houses built of brick and whitened with plaster. The streets are laid with planks of wood, constantly decaying and seldom repaired.

‘The combination of oriental and European manners and costume is irresistibly ludicrous. The boyar looks like a grave Mahometan; but speak to him, and instead of the pompous and magnificent sounds of the Turkish idiom, he will address you in tolerable French, and talk of novels, faro, and whist. In the afternoon, between four and five, is the grand promenade, when a long string of calèches is to be seen, moving in solemn procession along the jolting streets of Jassy. The carriages are drawn by two horses, generally covered with large shaggy blue housings, and harnessed so wide a-part as nearly to occupy the whole street. Mingled with the solemn figures above described, are occasionally to be seen the wives and daughters of the boyars in close chariots, enjoying this their only public amusement. When the promenade is over, the Moldavian noble retires to whist or faro, where he will lose at a sitting 500 ducats. So much addicted are they to gambling, and so lax are their notions of public morals, that the officer, who has the title of Aga, and the duties of minister of police in the city of Jassy, is frequently to be seen holding the bank at faro. The place swarms in consequence with adventurers, one of the most celebrated of whom was pointed out to us, in the person of a Polish Knight of Industry, whose whole fortune, on his arrival, consisted of a ring of small value. Upon this, he had raised an inconsiderable sum, and by a constant series of good luck, had amassed a large property, and was now to be seen every day in one of the most splendid equipages. But if the boyars have adopted the vices of civilized Europe, they have made little or no progress in the improvement of polished society.’

The boyars are extremely illiterate, their only attainment being that of speaking French, which gives employment to a few refugees of that nation; a Greek, from Candia, had a press at Jassy, employed in printing Greek prayer books, but his trade was not thriving. The death of the Hospodar's grand-daughter enabled our travellers to witness the funeral ceremony:—

‘Death is speedily followed by the rites of burial in this country, and on the following morning, the streets of Jassy were crowded, to witness the splendour of the funeral procession. A great number of Greek priests, holding lighted tapers in their hands, preceded the body, exposed in an open coffin,

lined with green silk, and lying with its face uncovered; behind, followed the Albanian guards of the prince, dressed in their most gaudy attire; in the rear, were a few wretched calèches, some empty, and others carrying the maids of honour, I presume, of the princess. The crowd was great, and we made an ineffectual attempt to enter the church with the procession.’

In the evening, they went to see the mustering of the guard, which was composed of half a dozen turbaned figures, with three muskets among them, who stood with folded arms and an assassin-like air, while nearer the gate were about twenty half-clothed wretches, without sandals or stockings, and some even without other more essential parts of dress.

At an audience, which our travellers had of the Hospodar, whose title is that of ‘Duke of all Moldavia,’ seven boyars were raised to offices which they had purchased; the interview was strictly Turkish, the strangers sitting on sofas, had coffee, sweetmeats, and pipes presented to them. The present Hospodar is said to be extremely laborious in the discharge of his public duties, and to write his despatches with his own hand; but the dignity is surrounded with perils of no ordinary magnitude, and its termination is often as sudden as it is treacherous.

Our author and his friend left Jassy, immediately after their audience of the Hospodar, and were compelled to travel in the common carts of the country, which are made entirely of wood, about three feet high and four feet long, and capable only of holding a portmanteau, upon which a small quantity of hay being placed, the traveller sits; four horses are always harnessed to each, who proceed at full gallop; the loss of a linch pin is supplied by the postillion with a peg from a neighbouring tree, and friction is prevented by means more natural than the anti-attrition. Travelling through a country so entirely alluvial, that the sight of a stone was a curiosity, and enduring many privations from the want of accommodation, they at length reached Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, where a Greek prince, as at Jassy, exercises a pure despotism, while he himself is an abject slave; this ephemeral species of government is the most tyrannical that can exist, and is felt in all the gradations of office, from the hospodar, or prince, to the *Ispravnik*, or magistrate of a village, who, having purchased his place, oppresses the unfortunate peasant subject to his authority. If, on the approach of the taxgatherers, he quits his home, in the hopes of evading the exaction, his wife and children are flogged, or the doors of their huts being closed, are exposed to the fumes of burning wood, till suffocation is almost produced; in short, they are tortured by every imaginable refinement of barbarity, to compel them to confess where the husband or the money is concealed.

Bucharest is abundantly supplied with the necessaries, as well as the luxuries of life, on moderate terms. Beef was selling in the market, at 16 paras* the oke, 2½ lbs.; a wild duck, 45 paras; an ox, fit to kill, would fetch from 50 to 60 piastres, and a roebuck, with its skin, 22 piastres, about 14s. 8d.

On the day of the Epiphany, the prince received the principal Wallachian nobles and foreign consuls, when, in addition to the usual salutations, was added, the extraordinary one of kissing the palm of his hand, a ceremony which the ladies, as well as the men, performed. The Prince of

* Forty paras make a piastre, and twenty-eight or twenty-nine piastres, a pound sterling.—REV.

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Wallachia is skilful in the administration of his authority, and is said to have maintained a secret correspondence with the secretary of one of the most efficient personages, during the congress of Vienna, by a bribe of 1000 ducats monthly. The archbishop of Bucharest has an income of nearly 400,000 piastres, but he is occasionally obliged to yield a portion of this immense revenue to the sudden demands of the Hospodar. The inhabitants of Bucharest are as much addicted to the vice of gambling, as those of the capital of Moldavia; and, as a proof of the state of morals, the son of the hospodar entered a public room, where sat his mother and sisters, having on his arm his mistress, a beautiful Wallachian lady, who had lately deserted her husband and six children; nor was such an act, on his part, considered indelicate or extraordinary.

From Bucharest to the Danube, the journey was performed in a similar vehicle to that in which they travelled from Jassy, and sixty piastres were paid for being ferried across the Danube, when our author and his friend were landed under the walls of the ruined fortress of Rudshuk; from this place to Constantinople they travelled on horseback. At Eski Sagra, the inhabitants regarded them with a savage curiosity; an account of the dinner at the post-house of this town, is given as a specimen of Turkish cookery:—

‘We had, of course, no knives nor forks, but there were several wooden spoons, placed on a circular metallic table, just elevated above the floor. Having washed our hands, we began to finger, by the help of pieces of bread, some sheep’s trotters stewed in grease, a dish of rather an indifferent flavour. Next followed some harico mutton, which was extremely good, and then a large pile of pilau, or plain boiled rice,—the repast was concluded by a dish of excellent *yaourt*, or sour milk. As infidels, we were allowed wine, besides the vinous liquor, called *sorbet*, and drank by Turks themselves, and made by bruising and steeping grapes in hot water, which is kept, and ferments for a short time in a close vessel, till it begins to acquire some acidity.’

At the village of Hevitza, our travellers witnessed the rustic festivities that precede the nuptials of a Servian peasant; these consisted of feasting and dancing, which are observed by the friends of the bridegroom, and at his expense, for eight days before the marriage; the dancers hold each other by the hand, but the two sexes are apart; there was nothing very elegant in the dance, which was characterized by a very ungraceful sort of stamping.

Adrianople, which has been frequently chosen as the seat of government, by succeeding sultans, but has now no longer the rank of a capital, contains a population of nearly ninety thousand persons, of which one-third are Turks, the rest Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; but the number of its inhabitants, and the extent of its commerce, have been greatly diminished by the plague, four years ago, and the disturbances and depredations of robbers. The two annual fairs no longer exist, but still Adrianople remains a place of considerable trade, consisting chiefly in its exports of raw silk, and the colouring substances, used as a yellow dye, known generally by the name of grains d’Avignon; there is also so great a demand for the manufactured goods of England, that the appointment of a British consul here has been resolved on by the Levant Company. No remains of antiquity could be heard of at Adrianople, except the bust of the Emperor Adrian, of whose existence every one seemed certain, although no one could point out its precise situation. The principal objects worthy of notice, are the mosque of

Selim and the bazaar of Ali Pacha; these our author visited, and he thus describes them:—

‘We paid a sequin to be permitted to ascend to the top of one of the four minarets of the mosque, which are fluted, and of a very elegant construction. Three spiral staircases, winding round each other, separately conduct to the three different galleries of the minaret, to the highest of which you mount by three hundred and seventy-seven steps. On our descent, we were permitted, on condition of taking off our shoes, to enter the interior of the mosque itself. From the hasty view we took of it, (for we were rather hurried through, than allowed to make a very minute examination,) I could only recollect the following particulars. The floor was covered with carpets; many lamps and ostrich eggs were suspended from the ceiling of the immense dome. In several recesses, similar to the side chapels, to be observed in large cathedrals, devout Turks were reading or praying. On the walls of the interior, were inscriptions in Turkish characters; on one side of the building, stood an elevated chair or pulpit, to which a very narrow and steep flight of steps conducted. In the centre of the mosque, was a spring surrounded by a circular screen, and we were invited to apply our mouths to the top of the marble fountain, to imbibe the sacred water which did not jet out, but merely rose to the brim. Struck with the prodigious number of windows around me, I was attempting to count them, when our guide hastily intimated to us, that it was time to withdraw. The French consul, who had the kindness to accompany us on this occasion, explained this circumstance, by telling us, that it was considered a bad omen among the Turks, to allow a Christian to make such a calculation, which, however, he had once made, and found to be nine hundred and ninety-nine. Several boys, apparently employed in keeping clean the interior of the mosque, beset us, and greedily demanded a *backshish*, a present. The exterior court of the mosque is paved with large slabs of white marble, and the antique columns of the cloisters built round it, are of various orders and dimensions, but all of the most costly materials, either Verde Antico, Egyptian granite, or Cipollino marble. Near the building, is a college of dervishes.’

‘From the mosque of Selim, which is reported to be one of the largest and most beautiful Mohammedan temples in the world, we walked to the famous bazaar of Ali Pacha. It is a brick building, vaulted with arches, consisting of alternate red and white bricks; a gate at each extremity, and four lateral ones, forms so many entrances, and its length is about three hundred paces*. The coup-d’œil offered by the entire length of the bazaar of Ali, is more striking than any thing I afterwards witnessed at the Bizesteins of Constantinople; and my companion was of opinion, that it far exceeded any building of a similar description, that he had seen at Cairo.’—p. 157.

In journeying from Adrianople to Constantinople, sepulchral monuments of white marble, many of which, were covered with ornamented canopies of the same material, were observed to line the road on each side, for a considerable distance. At Hassa, where was formerly a great caravanserai, built by Mahomet Bassha, our travellers halted and slept at a mean coffee-house in the court, passing a miserable evening over a charcoal *mangal*, in a room to which the light, the rain, and the wind, were equally admitted by the chimney. In these public edifices, the stranger, of whatever religion he may be, and the poorest traveller, were entertained at free cost, for the space of three days. Busbequius’s description of the caravanserai at Nissa, which is quoted by our author, induces him to think that the one at Hassa, from the appearance of its remains, has been of the same construction:—

* ‘Lady Mary Wortley Montague greatly exaggerates the dimensions of this bazaar, when she asserts it is half a mile long.’

'The form,' says Busbequius, 'is thus. It is a large edifice, that has more of length than breadth; in the midst of it, there is a kind of yard for the placing of carriages, camels, mules, and waggons. This yard is composed about with a wall, about three feet high, which joins, and is, as it were, built in the outward wall, that incloses the whole building; the top of this inner wall is plain and level, and is about four feet broad. Here the Turks lodge, here they sup, and here is all the kitchen which they have; for in the ambient wall, before spoken of, there are ever and anon, some hearths built.'

At Constantinople, where our author states his arrival very abruptly, he remained two months, visited all the curiosities of that city, which have been described with so much minuteness by preceding travellers, and witnessed numerous conflagrations, as well as most of the extraordinary sights that usually attract the attention of the stranger, and among others, the exposure of a dead body in the streets, naked and decapitated, with the head placed in the ignominious position, that characterises the trunk of a rayah:—

'It lay not very distant from our hotel, during three days, guarded by some janissaries, who were appointed to keep the numerous ravenous dogs, that prowl about, from devouring the carcass. A thousand piastres, we were told, was the sum paid by the friends, for permission to bury the body, otherwise it would have been thrown into the sea. As no audience was given to any European minister during our stay, we were deprived of the free opportunity of being present at that ceremony, though we saw the still more unusual procession of a Persian ambassador, during which, an elephant was admitted into the inner court of the seraglio, notwithstanding the superstitious fears of the Turks, with regard to these animals.'

The remainder of this volume, or rather that part of it which immediately relates to Mr. Macmichael, is devoted to combating Dr. Maclean's objections to the quarantine laws, and his opinions, that the plague is not contagious. Dr. Maclean contends, that wherever quarantines and lazarettos have been established 'they have but increased mortality, and aggravated disease.' Our author, in answer to this, says:—

'Such are the assertions of Dr. Maclean. But what is the real state of the case; in the Levant, and in the countries on the coast of Africa, where either no precautions are taken, or, as in some parts of Turkey, are but very imperfectly attempted, the plague constantly exists; whereas, in places where lazarettos are established, the disease either never shews itself, or may be traced to an infringement of the laws of quarantine.'

'In proof of the efficacy of these regulations, I was informed, during my residence in the lazaretto, at Marseilles, that since the great plague, which afflicted that city, in 1720, the disease had twice raged among the persons performing quarantine, without penetrating into the town, separated only by some high walls from the seat of pestilence.'

Our author further declares, that the assertion of Dr. Maclean, that in the Levant, there is no attempt made at enforcing the restrictions of quarantine, is not correct, and he adduces numerous instances in refutation of it. On this subject, we think our author answers Dr. Maclean very satisfactorily, and we hope the legislature will pause before they repeal laws of such long standing, without the most mature investigation, especially when such abrogation may be attended with the most alarming consequences; but

'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?'

Mr. Macmichael returned to England from Constantinople, but his fellow traveller, Mr. Legh, pursued his

route in Syria, and it is from the remarks he made on that journey, that an additional chapter is added to our author's narrative; and, as there yet remains much interesting matter in this volume, we shall extend our notice of it to another article.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Exhibition; a Poem. By a Painter, 8vo. pp. 35. London, 1819.

ARDENT admirers of the sister arts of Poetry and Painting, we were led, by the title of this work, to give it a reading, with some anticipations of pleasure; what, then, must have been our disappointment, when, on wading through the sixty-five stanzas of which it is composed, we did not meet with one line to praise, or a single idea that is worth recording. We will not, however, condemn unheard, but will submit it to the test that a broker practices with a pocket of hops, that of trying it at each end, and in the middle—although the second stanza would bear evidence of the truth of our remarks, as to the merit of the whole poem:—

'I said it was the smiling month of love;
And so it is, and I am deeply smitten;
But you, perhaps, my passion would reprove,
As something such as I not quite befitting;
Away from you, this doggel you may shove,
If you have paid for that which I have written,
Or you may roast these wriggings of my pen,
As did the girl, who said, "Sir, they're only watchmen."'

How elegantly he compliments Mr. Shee, among his other favourites:—

'And Martin Archer Shee, the witty sage,
Thy pencil and thy pen well pleased I trace,
I hope the latter won't fall foul of me;
Twere like a giant hunting a poor flea.'

The author does not improve, as the poem advances, although he thinks otherwise, and exclaims in the last stanza but two:—

'I'm getting rather eloquent, I think,
Having dismiss'd my theme, "The Exhibition."
A pleasing one it is; nor would I sink
With satire, any in this expedition.'

Would our readers wish for more,—we think we hear them unanimously say, No! and therefore will not intrude longer on their good nature and forbearance.

Original Correspondence.

ON THE POISON PREVENTION BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—There have been several mistakes lately made in taking oxalic acid for Epsom salts, or rather said to be made, for that some of them are fictitious I have no doubt, being merely designed to frighten the unwary from buying articles intended for their own use as medicines from the druggist, and thus lead persons to have recourse, on the most trivial occasions, to the professional assistance of an apothecary, as though his assistants were exempted from the commission of errors;—a position very doubtful, especially when we consider that the medicines had from an apothecary are made up entirely by servants, frequently by a very young boy, his apprentice, without the super-

visal of a master, who is engaged in playing the physician, and of course abroad all day visiting his patients; whilst the master druggist, confining his business to the sale or making up of medicines, is usually present in his shop, and thus overlooks the conduct of his servants, and even frequently serves himself; hence the chance of error is evidently less, *cæteris paribus*, in buying articles of them, than of the apothecary.

Many curious and idle propositions have been started to prevent this mistake, while, all the time, the use of oxalic acid is a mere deception; for the cleaning of boot-tops, all that is necessary is an acid, which acts quickly upon the tops, and but slowly upon the leather of the tops themselves. Now as it is usual for young men to solicit the assistants in druggist's shops, for their master's receipt to make boot-top liquor, it would be improper for them to confess that sour milk and spirit of salt, one of the cheapest articles of their shop, were the ingredients of that compound; hence they have eluded the inquiry by fictitious receipts, in which oxalic acid and butter of antimony, two dear articles, are the principal ingredients, whose price will of course render the boot-top liquor thus made by the private person, nearly the same price as that sold in the shops.

I see by your last Chronicle, that a bill has been brought into Parliament, by which certain articles are to have printed labels of 'poison' put upon the wrapper or bottle that contains them. It has been said that governments, like organic beings, have their states of infancy, manhood, and imbecile old age; surely, therefore, our government must have arrived at the last period of decrepitude, when so ridiculous a law could be seriously debated in a grave assembly. Will the government provide for a paper wrapper lasting as long as the article itself, or prevent a bottle from breaking, and the liquid from being transferred to another? How comes it that the oil of vitrol, or spirit of vitrol, are omitted in this scanty list? Perhaps the wise-acres who drew up the bill had so much knowledge as to foresee the impossibility of keeping a paper label on bottles containing these acids. It is evident they are ignorant that every medical substance, of any degree of efficacy, whether of a vegetable, mineral, or even animal nature, is a poison, if taken in an over-dose.

Arsenic, for sale, is to be mixed with carbon. Now, carbon is a hypothetical principle, never yet obtained in a separate state. The three purest states, all of which are loosely termed carbon, are lamp-black, charcoal of different wood, and the diamond. If either of the two former are employed, how is the arsenic to be used in the glass manufactories as an oxidizer? If the latter, in powder, its poisonous qualities are certainly not diminished; and where is this precious carbon to be procured, to say nothing of the expense. The ostensible principle for this caution is fear of accidents; then, as white lead is as poisonous as arsenic, that also ought, by the same rule, to be mixed with carbon. The simple man, or even the silly child, who could mistake corrosive sublimate, or oxalic acid, for Epsom salt, or arsenic for flour, would be full as likely to mistake white lead, or even red lead, (equally poisonous,) for it.

If the framers of this bill are so afraid of accidents, why do they not obtain an act for us to wear our beards, as many accidents happen from razors; to boil our meat to rags, that knives, by which our children's fingers are sometimes cut, may be unnecessary? Why not order all locks

of fire-arms to be taken off when the party returns from shooting, or the morning dawns, and be deposited with the nearest justice, until the sportsman goes out again, or the housekeeper means to go to rest.

In short, I am ashamed of the sickly sensibility of my countrymen, men who, though fearless of death in combat, have filled up ponds within sight of a navigable river, to prevent people from drowning themselves; and now, by writing poison upon a bit of paper, imagine the magic influence of the word will prevent a child or person who cannot read, or one who may lay hold of it in the dark, from being affected by its deleterious qualities.

I must also confess I dread, nor am I singular in my fears, that the number of publications on poisons and medical jurisprudence, will have a very unfavourable effect on many a poor person who is unfortunately suspected of murder, or charged designedly with it by the real criminal, to procure his own escape. Nor are their effects less to be feared by others: hitherto, poisoning has been almost unknown in England, but, from the public mind being now roused by the continual mention of it, there is reason to apprehend that wicked minds will be turned to that mode instead of more open revenge, and those who once allow themselves to think upon the subject, have in these publications ample examples of the different modes of practising their lewd desires, without danger of detection.

I remain, Sir, your's,

SAMUEL SAMUELSON.

9th June.

THE SINKING FUND AND NATIONAL DEBT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The Times Newspaper, a few days ago, asserted, that five millions annually, applied to the reduction of the present debt of England, would pay it off in about one hundred and fifty years; and other papers taking the matter in trust, have repeated the assertion. The case, however, is very different, as the following table will shew:—

A sinking fund of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the capital borrowed, would, at 5 per cent. interest, pay it off in		Yrs.	Ms.	Dys.
1 per cent. on the capital, in		49	1	22
2 per cent. in		36	8	20
4 per cent. in		25	8	3
5 per cent. in		16	7	13
10 per cent. in		14	2	14
20 per cent. in		8	3	21
		4	6	26

Five millions is about the one hundred and twentieth part of the monied capital, and would, therefore, pay off the present debt in about forty years.

So much for fact, in contradiction to loose and random assertion, but having stated so far, we must confess, that a fund that will only operate in forty years, is not of much more use, than one that would operate in two hundred; since, in order that a sinking fund may keep the debt of a nation within bounds, it should operate in fourteen or fifteen years, that is to say, it should be for the present debt, about thirty millions. In other words, the present debt is too great, to be reduced by any sinking fund that the nation can afford to devote to that purpose.

One million, at compound interest, would, in two hundred years, pay off £1,720,229,000, which is nearly three times the present debt, but the wonders that are performed by the accumulation in a long period, are totally inapplicable to the paying off debts, contracted by

wars, which follow each other every ten or fifteen years, as the History of England shews, they have done in past times, and as they may be expected to do in future.

WOMEN RAFFLED FOR IN CALCUTTA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As a sequel to the different expedients for obtaining a wife, enumerated by your correspondent, a 'Bachelor,' in the last number of your entertaining miscellany, I send you an account how these matters are ordered in Calcutta; but I must not call these poor women wives, for it does not appear that there was any condition in the terms that should oblige the winners to marry them, although it is well known that there are in India persons who actually import beautiful women and sell them to rich nabobs or Europeans, and receive a handsome *douceur* for their pains. The following advertisement appeared in Grimsby's Daily Advertiser of the 3d of September, 1818, printed in Calcutta:—

'Females raffled for.—Be it known, that six fair pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable tempers and highly accomplished, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be raffled for, next door to the British Gallery. Scheme: twelve tickets, at twelve rupees each; the highest of the three throws, doubtless, takes the most fascinating, &c.'

What a specimen of Calcutta morals does this advertisement exhibit. Surely a more abominable outrage upon religion, morality, and virtue, has never been heard of; and when our fair readers have perused it, they will congratulate themselves on their being natives of a country that would deal vengeance upon the wretches who were engaged in such an iniquitous and unholy traffic. How different was the case of our ancestors in this respect, when, in the early settlement of Virginia, it was deemed necessary to import from England young women as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying one of these shipments, and dated London, Aug. 12, 1621, is illustrative of the simplicity of the times, and the concern for the welfare of the colony. It is as follows:—

'We send you, in the ship, one widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not any one of them been received but upon good commendations.

'In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our most Hon. Lord and Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who, taking into their consideration, that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respects of wives and children for their people on the soil; therefore have given this fair beginning: for the reimbursing of whose charges it is ordered, that every man that marries them give 120lbs. of best leaf tobacco for each of them.

'Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to the law of nature, yet we would not have those maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills.'

I remain, sir, your's, &c.

A MARRIED MAN.

COCKNEYISM VINDICATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Reading, in your Chronicle of the 5th instant, a letter in refutation of X, I was much surprised at the folly of J. P. Thomas, in attempting to correct the errors of others, when his own require so much amendment. I would ask J. P. Thomas, whether the conjunction *if*, *always* governs the subjunctive? and what he means by the *present tense* being used instead of the subjunctive? never mentioning to what mood his present tense belongs; though certainly, we can guess at what he means; I think, if he were to study 'Murray's Abridgment,' it would be of infinite service to him; and his ignorance of the French Grammar is on a par with the other, as the adverbs *ne* and *pas* will perform the office of negation by themselves, as in the following instances: *PAS encore*, and *je NE pouvois sortir quand il arriva*. Not wishing to obtrude too much on your valuable miscellany, I shall leave it to the consideration of J. P. Thomas, whom I wish 'a purer taste and a better employment.'

I remain, your's, respectfully,
Lambeth.

PHILO.

DEFENCE OF MODERN AUTHORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I wish you would say a word or two in behalf of our contemporary authors. Every little error in a modern writer, is held up to scorn, as if, in former times, writers had been perfect. The reviewers put me in mind of the political reformers, who talk of bringing Parliament to its ancient purity, but never tell us when it was so pure. When was the press served by infallible writers? A short review occasionally of the inaccuracies of Addison, Locke, Hume, Pope, Richardson, and other men of great repute, would keep the poor moderns in some degree of countenance. The Edinburgh Review, that vial of vinegar and vitriol, that desolates all literary men, except a chosen few who have Scotland for the place of their nativity, or democracy for their object, would then become less terrible than it now is. In short, it would be but justice, for as perfection has never been found to exist, it is unfair to lay 'justice to the line and judgment to the plumb-line.' This proposition brings me to a remark that, at first sight, seems rather unaccountable. The public boast of the liberal opinions, the enlarged views, and superior knowledge of the present age, but lament the deficiency of individual talent. Will any of your correspondents explain the cause of this apparent contradiction? If none of them will, I shall endeavour to shew how it is not only natural, but has been the case in former ages, as well as in the present.

I am, &c. &c.

G—.

Biography.

CHARACTER OF ALI PACHA,

THE PRESENT RULER OF GREECE.

(From 'Vandoncourt's Memoirs of the Ionian Islands,' just published.)

[The reported cession of Parga to the Turks, and thus subjecting its brave Christian inhabitants, who had relied on our protection, to the merciless cruelty of a Mahomedan tyrant, has naturally excited much interest in a country

which has always been distinguished by its support of the oppressed. We trust that the late Parliamentary discussions will prevent this transfer; in the mean time, we extract an account of the character of Ali Pacha, to whom it was said Parga was to be given up, from the very interesting volume of General Vaudoncourt, which contains an excellent account of those islands, so much endeared to us by classic recollections.—Ed.]

THE basis of the character of Ali Pacha is falsehood and ambition. In him they have called forth and nourished all the vices which can inspire horror into those who may become his victims, or fear among his confidential satellites. The want of money under which he laboured from the commencement of his career, caused him early to contract the habits of avarice and rapacity. It is impossible to carry these two vices to a higher pitch than they are found in him. Not a reward is bestowed that is not intended to seduce him who receives it, and to bring in to the giver a fruit doubly equivalent to the amount of the recompense. Sometimes, nay even frequently, he despoils the venal agent who has served him, and then smiles within himself at the idea of having punished a traitor.

His rapacity also extends to every thing, and resorts to all kinds of pretexts. A merchant appears in his dominions with effects, of which he is anxious to obtain possession; he calls him to his presence, and, with an insulting parade of equity, he purchases, but at the prices he himself has affixed. A rich vassal has lately expired, and he wishes to inherit the whole or part of his property; to effect this all means are alike good. At one time he would attack the children of the deceased, and wrest from them their property, sword in hand; at others, he feigns a will in his own favour, and when he comes to insist on its compliance, with insulting irony he frequently enters into the praises of the deceased. 'My friend,' said he one day to a young Greek of Joannina, whose father had just died, 'your father was a most respectable man, I sincerely regret his loss, we were most intimate friends. On his death bed he has, however, remembered me, and bequeathed to me his house, furniture, and gardens.'—'But, my lord,' observed the youth, 'that is more than three-fourths of my whole fortune'—'My child,' replied Ali, 'the will of your father ought to be sacred to you, and if you have the impiety to disregard it, I will cause you to be hanged.'

His insatiable ambition has also rendered him jealous and vindictive, and these two other vices have acquired in his soul all the violence of which so ardent a character as his could render them susceptible. Nothing that approaches him is exempt from the suspicions by which his restless jealousy is unceasingly agitated. His nephews, his children, even the persons most devoted to him, those who are generally supposed to enjoy the plenitude of his confidence, are to him more or less the objects of fear and distrust. He knows only one means of securing the fidelity of those he employs; this is to obtain hostages from them. Even his own children are not exempt from this precaution. When they departed to take upon themselves their respective governments, he retained their families near himself, and did not even conceal from them the motives of this preventive caution.

The vengeance of Ali Pacha is implacable, and knows no limit either in manner or place. The only modification of which it is susceptible is, that it is more cruel the longer it is delayed, or where his anger is more violent. His hatred increases with delay, and his memory, always present and always faithful, never suffers him to forget any offence, true or supposed, which he has to avenge, whatever be the interval that separates the date of the act from the existing moment. A short period before the arrival of the author at Joannina, Ali Pacha, in causing a body of troops to defile before him at Bonila, recognized and singled out, at a distance of more than 300 paces, an Albanian soldier in the ranks, whom he pretended had offended him twenty years before. This unfortunate man had been arrested at the time, and plunged into a dungeon, but, by some lucky occurrence, had effected his escape. After wandering about in several provinces of Greece,

he at length enlisted among the troops of a bey who entered into the service of Ali Pacha. The inexorable Ali put him to death. Another example of the astonishing memory of this extraordinary man took place in the presence of the author at Prevesa. An individual belonging to Liapis had been arrested and brought before Ali, who always filled the office of judge in the places where he happened to be present. The Pacha himself cited all the traits of brigandage of which this man had been guilty, stating the dates and the names of the persons who had been victims, and did not condemn him till after the culprit had avowed each one of the facts. The periods which Ali recalled in his interrogatory, embraced a space of fifteen years.

His dissimulation is impenetrable to one who knows him not by his actions, or who does not judge him in conformity to the only basis of his interest and ambition. It is not only blended in his words and protestations, but is also to be found in his demeanour and habits. He is an extremely handsome man, and possessed of a physiognomy which he knows how to render engaging when he conceives it necessary, but which is nevertheless habitually soft and smiling. Extremely attentive in his behaviour, his address and manners are elegant.

This dissimulation, uniform, and so constantly sustained, and which has been of such great assistance in all his political operations, can nevertheless be upheld only with the greatest precaution, and by an unceasing attention to hide the springs he employs in order to arrive at the accomplishment of his designs. These precautions, which he has never laid aside, furnish, however, a fresh proof of the egotism and cruelty of his character. When he has been unable to succeed by his ordinary means, which are to excite dissensions, to render disorders implacable, to cause crimes to be committed by those very persons he has singled out for his victims; in a word, to excite all the passions which can give rise to disorders, in order to avail himself of them either as mediator or avenger, he then resolves to proceed towards his object by the most direct road. The violence of his passions, and his impatience to enjoy, do not allow him to await when he believes he is possessed of the means of striking his blow. It is in his character never to delay to the next day what at the present moment he thinks he can effect, unless insurmountable obstacles compel him to display as much patience as he naturally evinces impetuosity. When, therefore, he is under the necessity of employing an agent for one of those operations which he neither can nor wishes to avow, the care of exteriorly keeping up appearances dictates to him the barbarous precaution of afterwards ridding himself of his instrument. Thus does a bloody and impenetrable veil cover to the eyes of the generality of his subjects the plots and crimes of their master.

At the side of these capital vices in the character of Ali Pacha, are found some of the qualities which constitute great sovereigns. A profound knowledge of the human heart, which makes his choice good of those who are to be employed near him, enables him correctly to decypher their respective talents, and to assign to them the offices most suited to their abilities. In affairs he possesses a perspicacity which exhibits to him their tendency even at first sight, and prevents him from being deceived in the means he ought to employ to cause them to redound to his advantage. He knows how to await for or produce opportunities favourable to his political views, and he improves them with astonishing rapidity. He is courageous, and his valour, by which he distinguished himself in the first years of his political career, is far from being extinguished. He possesses that calm courage which knows how to measure danger, and discover the means of escaping or resisting it in a deliberate manner. This courage has served to sustain himself with so much tranquillity, as well as to ward off the dangers by which another would have been overcome. In order to be secure in the midst of his subjects, all of whom fear, and nearly all hate him, he takes no visible precautions of defence; since by a feigned security he has made to himself one that is real.

A despot through the natural consequences of his boundless ambition, he has no other rule for his government than his present will, and this is guided by the interest of the moment. The weak inspire him with neither fears nor jealousy; and it is by temporizing with them, and even by protecting them, that he seeks to acquire the reputation of justice and equity. The rich and powerful appear to him as objects of danger, and in exercising towards them a despotic justice, he at the same time satisfies his ambition and his rapacity. The following anecdotes will convey an idea of the manner in which he administers justice:—the chief of the small town of Metzovo was an unjust and eager man, who availed himself of every opportunity that occurred in order to commit vexations, and enrich himself out of their produce. For a considerable time past, the inhabitants of this town had presented, or caused to be presented to Ali Pacha, petitions against their chief, without having been able to obtain his removal. In one of the circuits which Ali, from time to time, performs in his dominions, he at length passed through Metzovo. The inhabitants in crowds went out to meet him, and prostrated themselves at his feet, crying out, *amman*, or mercy. He caused the subject of their prayer to be explained to him; and when he was told they demanded that their chief should be punished with death, he assembled the priests, and exhorted them to engage the inhabitants not to suffer the blood of one of their fellow-creatures to fall upon them. Seeing, however, that the people insisted, he ordained the execution of the delinquent, telling the inhabitants 'that on them was his blood to fall.' and in order to complete this hypocritical farce, he said to those who surrounded him, that he was happy in not being the author of the death of an individual, since he had been compelled to yield to the wishes of the people. He, however, took care to confiscate the property of the deceased to his own personal advantage.

Some years afterwards, having learnt that the chiefs of one of the cantons of Zagoria, under the pretext of levying, by his orders, an extraordinary contribution of one hundred and fifty thousand piastres, had extorted considerable sums from various individuals, he caused them to be brought to his presence, and condemned them to restore the money they had taken; compelling them, however, to lodge the one hundred and fifty thousand piastres in his own treasury, thanking them in an ironical manner for the care they had taken to furnish him with money. They remained in prison till the entire sum had been paid; and they were still there when the author arrived at Joannina. Pretexts of justice also induced him to rid himself of his nephew, the same Mahmoud respecting whom he had entered into correspondence with Prince Potemkin. Being informed that, after the example of his uncle, he had placed himself at the head of a band of Klephtes, and that his party had been increased by several lucky expeditions, he had the address to draw him into his palace at Litaritza, alone and without arms, where he himself killed him with a pistol-ball.

His affectation to protect the Greeks has the same foundation; and this protection is, in fact, only apparent. It is to his interest to temporize with them; he stands in need of their talents in order to exercise several branches of the administration he cannot confide to Albanians too ignorant, and which he does not wish to place in the hands of the Turks, whom he mistrusts and hates. Hence does he employ and grant to them exterior marks of his confidence.

However, he takes the greatest care to prevent the Greeks from becoming too powerful: he keeps from them the most important posts, and particularly the military commands. He is also extremely careful to keep them at a distance from his children, and to prevent them from gaining any ascendancy over their minds. His son Veli causes him no inquietude on this score; but Mouktar, of a character entirely different from his brother, appears to incline towards the Greeks. The unfortunate Euphrosina, the most interesting female of Joannina, as well for her beauty as the qualities of her mind, became a victim to this jealousy. Mouktar was in love with her, and

was every day at her house, where the most distinguished Greeks assembled together with their wives. Ali feared that the conversations and principles of the Greeks, coming from the mouth of so accomplished a female, whom he tenderly loved, might make too strong an impression on the mind of his son. In an underhand manner he excited the wives of Mouktar, and particularly the one who was the daughter of the Vizir of Berat, to complain, and even to demand a divorce. Ibrahim Pacha took part in the affair, and upheld the complaints of his daughter. Ali then turned the matter into an affair of state; and his divan having been assembled, it was therein decided, that Euphrosina, and the other females of her society, to the number of fifteen, declared guilty of having seduced Mouktar, and thereby exposed Ali to the danger of sustaining a war against his neighbour, should be drowned. They were arrested in the night; when Ali Pacha, not having been able to find one of his satellites sufficiently bold to expose himself to the anger of Mouktar, himself proceeded to the house of Euphrosina, and delivered her over to her executioners. Afterwards, in order to detach Mouktar entirely from the Greeks, Ali took care to circulate, in a forced manner, that if the principal persons of the city, and particularly the Bishop of Trikala, uncle to Euphrosina, had solicited her pardon of him he would have granted it; but that religious hatred had prevented them from saving the mistress of a Musulman. The author would not have quoted this trait unless for the purpose of showing what base and cruel means Ali Pacha avails himself of for the attainment of his ends.

Ali Pacha has a divan composed of the principal officers of his house, and of persons whom he chooses among those he believes the most likely to be useful to him. This council is, however, only organized for the sake of form, and not one of its members dares to express an opinion contrary to his. He therein proposes subjects for deliberation, discusses them, receives the approbation of the persons assisting, and then decides. He is himself his own minister in all the branches of administration, and his secretaries write down the orders dictated by him, which he addresses to his various subordinate officers. As it is known that he never pardons a non-compliance with his orders, and that he never admits of an excuse, dread makes his servants perform miracles. His ordinary menace when he issues these supernatural orders is, 'let my order be executed, or may the black serpent devour thine eyes.' An oath of the Sultan, by the beard of Mahomet, would not produce the dread inspired by this terrible saying. It has always been the precursor of a death warrant.

In 1807, he caused three couriers to be assassinated, of whom two were French, and he was extremely displeased in having only found letters in cypher upon them. His agents scattered in different parts, and the correspondence of the Greeks who are in his service, make him acquainted with the principal events passing in Europe, as well as the situation of the great powers. His own notions, and his information thus obtained, serve him as a thermometer for his political conduct, and make him decide on what connexions he is to form with foreign states, for he is always anxious to have a point of support out of Turkey.

His constant project to the execution of which he proceeds onwards with patience and indefatigable activity, notwithstanding he has hitherto been unable to foresee the exact moment of its accomplishment, is the independence and entire separation of his dominions from the Ottoman empire; and, in order to secure to himself the possession of his continental dominions, by completing the reduction of the clans still independent of his authority, as well as to consolidate his power and sustain himself alone, he stands in need of the Ionian Islands, and they have always constituted the object, more or less secret, of his wishes*.

* *Memoirs of the Ionian Islands, considered in a Commercial, Political, and Military Point of View.* By Gen Guillaume de Vaudoncourt. Translated from the original unedited MS. by William Walton, Esq. 8vo. chap. viii.

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MUNGO PARK.

A gentleman at Liverpool has received a letter from his brother at Juddah, a sea port on the Red Sea, which states that Mungo Park is still alive; the letter is dated Dec. 13, 1818, and is as follows:—

‘On my landing at Juddah, a place where I did not expect to hear an English word, I was accosted by a man in the complete costume of the country, with, “Are you an Englishman, sir.” My answer, being of course in the affirmative, appeared to give him pleasure beyond expression. “Thanks and praise to God,” he exclaimed, “I once more hear an English tongue, which I have not done for fourteen years before.” I have been much amused by him since; his account of the Abyssinians, the inhabitants of a country that has absorbed fourteen years of his existence, is truly interesting. You must no doubt have heard or read of him; he is that Nathaniel Pearce spoken of by Mr. Salt, in his travels to Abyssinia. He was left there by Lord Valentia, and has been the greater part of the time in the service of one or other of the chiefs in various parts of the country. At the time I met with him, he was endeavouring to make his way to Tombuctoo, where he says Mungo Park is still in existence, detained by the chief. He says the whole country almost idolize him for his skill in surgery, astronomy, &c. &c. They say, he is an angel come from heaven to administer comforts to them; and he explains to them the motives and uses of the heavenly bodies. He is, Pearce says, very desirous to make his escape, but finds it impossible. “What,” say they, “do you suppose us so foolish as to part with so invaluable a treasure? If you go away, where are we to find another possessing so much knowledge, or who will do us so much good?” Pearce appeared to have been resolutely bent on endeavouring to reach Tombuctoo, but had for some time been labouring under severe illness.’

We fear the account given by Pearce is not entitled to much credit, and that the ill-fated Park has too certainly fallen a victim to his ardent and enterprising spirit; the evidence furnished by Col. Fitzclarence and Mr. Bowdich, given in our last number, renders this too probable; and, no doubt, many of our readers have read the narrative of Robert Adams, a sailor, who was wrecked in the year 1810, on the western coast of Africa, detained by the Arabs of the Great Desert, and carried to Tombuctoo. He remained there several months, resided the whole period of his stay at the Palace of Woollo the king, and frequently walked about the town. Adams, from the uncommon degree of curiosity which he excited, believed that the people of Tombuctoo had never seen a white man before. Now, if Park had been detained there at the time, and so he must have been if Pearce’s account is correct, is it at all possible that Adams should not have seen or heard of him, or that Park would not have found some means of communicating with Adams? The improbability of Pearce going from Juddah, which is the well known sea-port of Arabia Felix, on the Red Sea, to Tombuctoo, which is so far distant, and through a complete *terra incognita*, must be noticed; as, before he could commence his journey, he must cross to the African side, Juddah being on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea.

ENGLISH TRADES.

STATIONER.—The term *stationers* was appropriated to booksellers, in the year 1622. The translation of Gusman de Alfarache, of that year, part II, p. 27, fol.—‘Many seek to be held learned clerks, by quoting authors, not considering, that many *stationers* have far more (books) in number, though, in matter of knowledge, mere ignorant men.’

The company of stationers existed long before the invention of printing. A stationer, therefore, was a dealer, who kept a shop, or a stall, as distinguished from an itinerant vendor, whether of books or broomsticks.

GROCER.—Dr. Johnson says, it should rather be written *grosser*, being one who dealt originally by the great, or by wholesale, as opposed to those who sell by retail. It does not, therefore, seem confined to any particular commodity; but it may refer to the number of articles in the shop, such as we call now, a chandler’s shop, on a large scale. We call twelve dozen a *gross* or *grose* by tale.

We have now, a green-grocer, for want of a better description, though a palpable retailer of greens, &c. by the single bunch, as turnips, carrots, &c.

In the statute 37 Edward III. cap. 5, merchants are mentioned, then called *grossers*, who are there accused of *engrossing* all sorts of merchandizes. Dr. Johnson, to give the investigator two chances, says it comes from *grossus*, a fig; but, unluckily, that word means a *green* and not a dried fig, called originally repperers.

FRENCH STATISTICS.

THE following computation of the rent of land and houses in France, is founded on an official report, made to the French government, in 1817, by the commission of the Cadastre, their measures and money being reduced to English standard.

Total square surface of France, exclusive of Corsica, 128,172,992 English acres. Of these, the following are liable to taxation:—

	English Acres.	Rents.
Arable land	55,600,000.....	£24,007,640
Land in underwood.....	12,656,790.....	2,938,520
Meadow land	8,612,345.....	7,390,400
Pasture land	8,703,703.....	1,812,800
Vineyards.....	4,881,481.....	3,442,560
Land in orchards	886,419.....	1,071,480
Forest land	1,135,800.....	201,520

Total Rent of Land...£40,864,920

The remainder is either wholly uncultivated, or so little productive as not to be subject to taxation.

	Eng. Acres.	Rents.
Buildings liable to taxation.		
Dwelling houses, small and great.....	5,431,000.....	£20,207,720
Mills.....	76,000.....	738,000
Manufacturing establishments	35,000.....	300,360
Churches and other buildings not liable to taxation.....	58,000	

The above value being official, is probably a good deal below the actual rate.

Original Poetry.

TO MARY.

WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE, MAY 2, 1818.

Nay, tell me not to smile, Mary,
Though fancied bliss be near,
Unless thou canst beguile, Mary,
This bosom of its fear.

Thou wilt be pledged to me, Mary,
 Who should have all thy heart;
 But tell me, is there none, Mary,
 From whom thou'lt weep to part?
 Do not too rashly deem, Mary,
 That hearts like thine forget;
 Think,—is there no fond dream, Mary,
 Thy soul would dwell on yet?
 Restrain that starting tear, Mary,
 Alas, 'twere now in vain,
 And thou art still too dear, Mary,
 For me to give thee pain!
 Another's breast thy pillow, Mary,
 And bright thy nuptial bed;
 Adieu! The heaving billow, Mary,
 Will suit me well instead!
 And yet, before I go, Mary,
 Ere all my hopes are o'er,
 One parting kiss bestow, Mary,
 For I will allow no more!
 There's joy about thee waking, Mary,
 Let me not grieve thy heart;
 And what though mine be breaking, Mary,
 A moment—and we part!
 Thou to a husband's arms, Mary,
 I to the ocean go—
 To ponder on the charms, Mary,
 Whence all my sorrows flow.
 And now a long farewell, Mary!
 Nay, turn thine eye this way,—
 Its eloquence may tell, Mary,
 More than thy tongue dare say.
 The tear that dims its blue, Mary,
 May soon be kiss'd away;
 But his kiss will be less true, Mary,
 Than that I gave to-day.
 I need not—may not tell, Mary,
 What both too sadly know;
 Again farewell—farewell, Mary,
 Thy hand—and now I go!

28th May, 1819.

J. W. D.

ON THE DEATH OF ———.

SHE'S gone, and with her ev'ry joy hath fled,
 The bell hath toll'd—the priest hath pray'd—'tis o'er!
 Earth! earth! thou greedy cormorant, in mercy
 Yield up my joys, or with them take my sorrows!
 For, at each solemn sound of that dread bell,
 Which told the world my loss, and heaven's gain,
 I felt as if immur'd within a damp
 And sable cloud, to joy impervious,
 That seem'd to shut out hope with light,
 And leave my life a long and listless void.
 I rush'd into the world—I paced the streets—
 The world appear'd too busy!—My brain turn'd round:
 Methought I stood upon a precipice,
 And, as the busy crowd mov'd round about me,
 My fancy pictur'd them as little gnats
 Whirling around a jutting point of rock;
 And I that rock, encompass'd round by triflers.
 I gaz'd upon the stars, whose brilliant beams
 So late shed brightness o'er the barren waste.
 But, as I look'd, they seem'd to start away
 To hide behind a black and mournful cloud.
 E'en the pale moon had muffl'd her bright charms
 In a grey cloak of half-obscuring vapours,
 And pitying heaven dropt its dewy tears
 Upon my solitary joyless head.

Y. F.

LINES ON MUSIC.

BEING AN ACROSTIC ON A WELL KNOWN SYREN AT
DRURY LANE THEATRE.

MUSIC! divine enchantress of the soul,
 In pow'r how great! resistless of controul;
 Steal thy soft influence,—ah!—that strain repeat—
 Sublime!—it dying falls—how pensive sweet!
 Celestial gift! bestow'd, fair maid, on thee,
 Unceasing source of heav'nly harmony.
 Blest with each pow'r to charm, each look to move,
 Investing nature, innocence, and love.
 Transporting theme! thou passion fair and free,
 Thou fund of bliss, of woe,—sweet melody!

J.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY READING MURPHY'S LIFE OF GARRICK.

How numerous, how diversified the ways,
 Which prompt the breathings of poetic lays,
 And fill with equal animating fire,
 The high-born muse, and eke the humble lyre;
 For living objects living strains arise,
 When love inflames the heart, beauty the eyes;
 If lillied virtue shine with Cynthia's beam,
 The verse imbibes the chasteness of the gleam;
 Or, if the faithful limner's pencil show
 The lov'd similitude of those we know,
 Our highest admiration it will raise,
 And we reward his talents with our praise.
 And shall our bosoms cold and lukewarm seem,
 When Garrick forms the subjects of the theme?
 Shall no enthusiastic joy inflame
 Our hearts, when gazing on his splendid fame?
 Whom Murphy's biographic pen portrays
 In glowing diction—and whose brilliant rays
 Through years have pierced each dark obscuring cloud,
 By envy raised, his excellence to shroud.
 When death's black curtain closed his final scene,
 Renown's bright goddess sheds her brilliant sheen;
 Surviving friends first dropp'd affection's tear,
 Then placed their tribute laurel o'er his bier;
 Each vied with other to excel the verse,
 Which Garrick's fame and virtues did rehearse;
 But shall these praises cease with those who wrote?
 Or shall no muse in period thence remote,
 Allure his lyre, with ardour newly strung,
 And echo what the former bards have sung?
 Yes; and though humble be the present strain,
 How from this ecstasy can he refrain;
 Whose admiration lifts him up among
 The spirits of that bright harmonious throng,
 Who kindly aid the numbers of his song!
 Horizon radiance of a brighter sun!
 Oh! may thy vast dramatic genius run
 Through each succeeding era of that reign,
 That Shakespeare's throne shall Shakespeare's works maintain;
 Fill with the ardour of thy native fire
 Each novice breast, whose feelings shall aspire
 To tread the drama's path—oh! point the road,
 Where once thy steps majestically trod!
 Nor be thy task alone confined to this,
 Nor picture only histrionic bliss;
 But teach those virtue, and that generous flame,
 Which add such lustre to thy honour'd name;
 The records of thy worth shall still increase,
 Till nature's grand revolving work shall cease,
 Thy bright career still beam without a speck,
 Till fame and time blend in one general wreck!

1818.

L.

Fine Arts.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

OUR readers will have the goodness to remark, that the first number of the *Literary Chronicle* was published on the 22d of May, and Sir John Leicester's Gallery closing on the 17th, we were unfortunately prevented from noticing it whilst it remained open; but having seen it, we take the first opportunity of doing justice to the munificence and patriotism of Sir John, as well as to the merits of those artists whose productions adorn the Gallery.

This high-minded and liberal patron of the Fine Arts, closed his superb Gallery of British pictures on the 17th of May. A crowd of beauty and fashion had weekly thronged the rooms; and all sympathized in the public spirit of the illustrious owner. Too much cannot be said on this subject. Sir John Leicester's name shines high in the firmament of British glory, as the patron of native genius, who, unmindful of the reigning prejudice against the works of modern artists, has, with most unexampled liberality, formed a collection consisting entirely of British paintings. His generosity and patriotic spirit should ever be remembered with gratitude, and his name pronounced with veneration by the artists of England.

But to proceed to the pictures. The portrait of Lady Leicester, in the character of Hope, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, excites general attention, and is esteemed a good likeness of her ladyship. Lady Leicester is represented stepping forth upon the clouds,—

‘Clad in native grace divine;’

her right hand is raised, holding a holy-water sprinkle, and her left is extended downwards, to an infant genie, who is clasping it with joy; he is smiling exultingly at his less fortunate companions, but the tears still glisten in his eyes; to the right is another little follower of Hope, eagerly rushing forward, his body is seen in a three-quarter view, and his head turned up, with his hands catching the dew-drops falling from the flower; near him, in an horizontal view, lies his companion, whose endeavours have completely failed. In this portrait, the grace, youth, beauty, and vivacity of the fair original, perfectly agree with the imaginary character of Hope, and the picture certainly forms one of the principal attractions of the Gallery.

The Angels conducting Lot and his Daughters from Sodom; by B. West, P. R. A.—This picture is an honour to the pencil of the president, and is an addition to his well-earned fame. Lot and his family, accompanied by their celestial guides, are flying from the habitation of sin, the city of destruction: he is conducted by an angel who is discoursing with him on the awful event; one of his daughters is holding his arm, whilst her sister follows close by her side, carrying on her head a bundle; she is also led by an angel. Lot's wife, (an emblem of the wrath of the offended deity,) is seen in the distance, in the attitude of looking back upon Sodom. The city is wrapt in flames; a reddish cloud partially hangs over it, and near it pour the destructive torrents. The figures are well disposed; the colouring is sombre, and agrees admirably with the subject.

Jupiter and Europa; by Wm. Hilton—is a brilliant meteor of the highest department of painting. In drawing, designing, and colouring, we consider it to be one of the finest historical pictures of the present age. The

towering majesty of the bull, the delicate forms of Europa and the Nereids, the rough and shagged appearance of the marine deities, the piercing eye of the eagle, and the delightful grouping of the Cupids, who are hovering in the air, pronounce this one of the most exquisite specimens of English art. The fears of Europa, and the tender solicitude of the Nereids, are well contrasted with the malignant triumph of the sea monsters. This picture is truly entitled to the pre-eminent situation it holds.

The Proposal, by G. Harlowe, also claims our attention. —Two beauties are here depicted, agreeably surprised at the contents of a letter, which a third has just perused, and which certainly treats of a matrimonial concern. The fair subject of it occupies the right side and some part of the centre of the picture; her head is joyously thrown back upon a bank, with her face turned towards the spectator; her right hand is raised, gently drawing aside a scarf, which is negligently thrown over, and enviously conceals a considerable quantity of her luxuriant tresses; delight dances in her dark eyes; and a smile of self-congratulation plays upon her mouth; routs, balls, equipage, dress, fashion,—in short, every thing tends to inspire her with visible satisfaction at the approaching change in her condition. Seated by her side, but more in the front, appears the lady who announced the welcome news; she is seen in a three-quarter view, looking up inquiringly at the destined bride; in one hand she holds the letter in discussion. Behind these two, is placed another belle, leaning her hand on the shoulder of the lady in question; an expression of mirth is spread over her countenance: part of the trunk of a tree rises close to the right side of the picture, and some clustering foliage forms a kind of canopy above; beyond this, a dark sky, broken with touches of light, heightens the effect. The colouring is pleasing; but we think the action of the principal character rather strained. This fault, however, may exist only in our imagination. Our limits oblige us to notice hastily some pictures which deserve particular comment. Fuseli's ‘Friar Puck,’ and Romney's ‘Titania,’ rank as poetical inventions of the first class. Reynolds's ‘Snake in the Grass,’ is arrayed in the smiling beauties of that fascinating master, blended with some of his defects. Wilson's ‘Italian Landscape,’ we certainly think is the finest he ever painted. ‘The Fall of Phaeton,’ by James Ward, is finely conceived; but there is a slight tendency to hardness in the outline. Howard's ‘Pleiades’ formed a pleasing specimen of grace and elegance combined. ‘The Sea-shore,’ by Collins, for clearness of colouring and sparkling effect, is undoubtedly one of his best performances. Opie's ‘Damon and Musidora’ is a most charming production; and Hoppner's ‘Sleeping Nymph’ is drawn in a pure correct style, with clear mellow colouring.

The noble and spirited example set by Sir John Leicester, has been followed by several persons of high rank, who have opened their galleries for the reception of the works of British artists. With a more extended patronage, the sister arts would flourish,—no longer would foreigners remark us as beings destitute of taste for the Fine Arts; and no longer need we shrink from a comparison, on the whole, with other countries. In every thing, excepting the Fine Arts, England is superior to the surrounding nations; but, by her deficiency in painting, there is a tarnish cast upon her renown, which can only be effaced by a timely and well-directed patronage of native genius. When this is accomplished, England's triumph

over her rivals will be completed; then will she shine in the meridian of her glory,—

'Equal to all; surpassed by none;' then will she be raised to her highest dignity; and then shall we see her, like ancient Rome, the mistress of the world! C. E.

We were highly gratified at finding that a descriptive catalogue of this splendid collection, has been recently published, embellished with an engraved outline of the Gallery.

SPRING GARDENS' EXHIBITION.

THIS is chiefly an exhibition for *water colours*: and we can assure our readers that it is backward not a jot in talent, if it is in youth—we should say infancy;—for there are some of the prettiest things in the world to be seen therein; and if it advances as much in the next fifteen years (this is the fifteenth annual exhibition), as it has done from the time of its establishment to this day, June the 9th, 1819, we know not what will become of it—it will draw all the folks from its big sister at Somerset House, and be a very great attraction indeed. Mr. Richter, an artist well known to the public, has an excellent specimen of his pencil there—'Falstaff acting the King;' and Copley Fielding has some of the most beautiful specimens of high colouring we ever beheld; but what is the greatest honour to this little company yet is, that almost every picture and drawing of merit bears, on its side, that enspiriting little word 'Sold'—which little word speaks volumes; it does our business for us, and leaves us little or nothing to say upon the matter. For all that, we don't see why we should be choused out of our fair calling—there's neither why or wherefore to prevent us pointing out to our readers what we think worth their attention at the Spring Gardens Exhibition, so here begins at

No. 93. The Burial of Saul; J. Varley.—Truly, we are apt, on viewing this superior production, to exclaim, with Samuel, 'How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!' The dead body of the great man is borne along on a litter with great majesty and solemnity, and nothing can equal the stillness of the scene altogether. The last glance of twilight, reddening through the solemn group of trees in the centre of the picture, and the heavy atmosphere above, with the slow unwieldly clouds rolling over one another in a very grand manner, form, indeed, a very fine effect. If there had been a little more gloom to darken the fore-ground, we think the effect would have been heightened: but it is a picture of great merit. We were before unacquainted with the works of this artist in oil.

13. Falstaff acting the King; H. Richter.—This scene is from the first part of Henry the Fourth, and has this motto:—

'Falstaff. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.'

It is a picture of considerable merit. The fat old Sir John is seen swaggering in his chair 'of state,' surrounded by all the 'lords and ladies' of his court, in due form; and he bears his honours right laughingly. The face of Sir John is good, and the muscles thereof, thrown into laughter, hearty laughter, are touched with great felicity of expression. The figure seems to us to be too much braced up—too drum-like as it were—like a bladder blown out with wind. There is not exactly that appearance of cumbrous lassitude in his unwieldly fleshy limbs, which we are generally taught to look for in a person of

Sir John's weight and age. The gravity of the youthful prince is admirably done;—the same may be said, with but very few exceptions, of the other dramatis personæ. The hearty laughter of the woman is joyous in the extreme.

Nos. 34, 53, 67, and 110, belong to that very promising young artist, J. Stark, whom our readers will recollect as the young man who burst forth so successfully at the British Institution last year. They are all pictures from rural life, and of considerable merit. Whatever rooms this artist's pictures have the happiness of honouring hereafter, there should be placed on a table, beneath each one, an edition of the works of Robert Bloomfield. They are works of art, full of sweet nature: so are the works of Robert Bloomfield. They would be fit companions.

68. Broxbourne Bridge, Herts; H. Gastineaux.—A little moon-light effect of great beauty.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre closed, on Tuesday night last, a season of expedients, in which more new pieces and new faces have been presented to the public, than in any preceding year within our recollection; of performers, it cannot boast of having made many acquisitions, although we could enumerate some; and as to the tragedies, comedies, and melo-dramas, we believe there is but one—*Brutus*, which can be said to have been really successful; this compound of seven plays, or dramatic *giblet-pye*, as, we doubt not, Peter Pindar would have called it, was certainly well-calculated for stage effect, and the excellent acting of Mr. Kean made it popular. Mr. Bucke's tragedy had certainly not a fair trial, but it could never have been very successful.

The performance of the evening was Shakespeare's historical play of *Henry IV*, in which Mr. S. Kemble played Sir John Falstaff. The house was much crowded, and, at the conclusion of the play, Mr. S. Kemble made his farewell address, in which he announced that the theatre will be newly decorated, and the strength of the company increased during the vacation; he also denied, that there had been any schism behind the curtain, as had been rumoured.

In the interlude of *Silvester Daggerwood*, 'a gentleman' gave imitations of several performers, with great effect. Those of Mathews and Kean were peculiarly happy.

The *Persian Heroine*, styled by Mr. Henry Johnston, a 'new historical tragedy,' and acted for his benefit, was written by Mr. Joddrell, in 1784, and offered to both theatres, at the time, but rejected.

The sub-committee of management of this theatre at last acknowledge, what every man of sense long knew, and experience might ere now have taught even them, that the principle of a joint stock company, is not adapted to the management of a theatrical concern; and when they have conducted the affairs of the house to the very brink of ruin, and cannot even go on any longer, they tender their resignation; thus resembling the 'well-bred dog, who always runs down stairs, when he finds violent preparations made for kicking him out of the room;' and yet they would make a merit of thus relinquishing their office. The season, which terminated on Tuesday last, has added something to the present debt of the theatre, which is now, £90,922 7s. The receipts, up to the 25th of May last, are £35,996, and the expenditure,

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£37,293 12s.; deficit, £1297 12s. What an inglorious existence has this once favourite theatre been dragging on; it must, however, be admitted, that had not the mistaken expedient of reducing the prices been resorted to, the receipts would have covered the expenditure. Mr. Stephen Kemble, too, has resigned his five years engagement, and the theatre is now to be let. Mr. Kean has offered £8000 per annum for it, and Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera, is preparing proposals for undertaking the management on liberal terms, we trust, quite independent of the control of sub-committees, or theatrical amateurs. Deeming it highly essential to the real interests of the drama, that there should exist a fair competition, we shall be very happy to see Drury Lane able to contend with her powerful rival, and were a third theatre erected, of about two-thirds the size of the present overgrown houses, we should have better performances, and more play-goers, for the number will always increase in proportion to the merits of the pieces produced, and the talents with which the management is conducted. Whether Mr. Kean, Mr. Arnold, or any other gentleman, should take Drury Lane Theatre, we hope that they will be allowed to have it on such liberal terms, (for the first few years at least,) as may enable them to surmount the difficulties with which it is attended, and that the public will rally round the spot consecrated by the genius and talents of a Sheridan, a Garrick, and a Siddons.

COVENT GARDEN.—We cannot omit to record the delectable treat with which the admirers of the drama were regaled, on Wednesday night last, when Mrs. Siddons again emerged from her retirement, and played Lady Randolph for the benefit of her brother, Mr. Charles Kemble. The excellence of this unrivalled tragic queen is too well known to need any detail of the present performance; it is, therefore, only necessary to say, that 'age still sits lightly on her,' and that we could not discover that her splendid talents are yet on the wane. Her narrative of the birth and supposed fate of Douglas, her questioning old Norval as to the jewels, and her last parting with Douglas, were in the finest style. In the scene where she recognizes her son, the public seized with eagerness an opportunity of testifying the high estimation in which she is held, and when Douglas asked—

'But did my sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?'—

a burst of applause ensued, which continued for some time without intermission. Mr. C. Kemble played Young Norval very chastely; and Macready, as Glenalvon, and Young, as the Stranger, were very successful. The house, including the orchestra, which was fitted up on the occasion, was crowded to excess, a few minutes after the opening of the doors.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Mathews closed his popular entertainments at this theatre, on Saturday evening. For a period of forty nights had this actor delighted crowded audiences, by his single exertions; and, notwithstanding their acknowledged sameness, and the spirited competition of a rival mimic, the attractions of his 'At Home,' were unabated to the last. In a farewell address, which he delivered, Mr. Mathews vindicated mimicry, we beg his pardon, 'Imitation of Manners,' as being that 'in the physical world, which satire is in the moral;' and from an expression which he dropped, about studying the imitation of personal defects, we suppose he intends, like Foote, to ridicule the peculiarities of living characters;

but *tempora mutantur*, and the indulgence with which Foote was suffered to proceed, would not be tolerated at the present day.

Miss Kelly's benefit, at this house, on Monday, was indeed a bumper, and shewed the estimation in which this actress is deservedly held. After the comic opera of *Lionel and Clarissa*, in which Mr. Dowton played Colonel Oldboy, and Miss Kelly, Jenny, with their usual spirit, they came forward to have 'two or three minutes conversation,' before the audience, by way of epilogue, or rather to indulge, in what we consider, a gratuitous and ill-timed satire on the management of Drury Lane Theatre. They entered from the opposite sides of the stage, and after reciprocal expressions of surprise and congratulations at seeing each other in London again, commenced their dialogue, in which poor Drury was very severely treated. It ended with a solicitation, on the part of the lady, that Mr. Dowton, seeing that he had been so rapturously received, should join the revels at the English Opera House, which, after some coyness, he consented to do, and will consequently, with a very effective company, we believe, play at this house, the ensuing season, which is likely to commence with great spirit, under the management of its liberal proprietor, Mr. Arnold.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

A mechanician, of Rouen, has recently invented a new machine, which he calls the *Hydraulic Hydra*, by the aid of which, falls of water may be created at pleasure, and it is expected to be used as a substitute for high-pressure steam engines.

A letter has been received from Lieutenant King, who is making a survey of New Holland, mentioning his arrival at Sidney Cove, from Timor, the latter end of July, 1818; and that on the passage he had been enabled to determine the *insularity* of that part of the land, of which, in Freycinet's Atlas, Capes Poivre and Dupuy, form projecting points. Lieutenant King had examined the North West Cape, the Rosemary Islands, and the Great Bay of Van Dieman, and completed the survey of those parts of that extensive coast which had not been already examined.

Domestic Economy.—Potatoes may be kept good all the year, by dipping them in boiling water, as the Scotch preserve eggs, by killing the living principle. The germ is so near the skin, that it would not hurt the potatoe, as one minute, or two at most, would be quite sufficient. This would be of great use for ship stores.

Electricity of the Human Body.—Dr. Hartmann, of Frankfurt on the Oder, has published a statement, according to which, he is able to produce, at pleasure, an efflux of electrical matter from his body, towards other persons. You hear the crackling, see the sparks, and feel the electric shock. He has now acquired this faculty to so high a degree, that it depends solely on his own pleasure, to make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other part of his body. Thus, in this electrical man, the will has an influence on the developement of the electricity, which had not yet been observed, except in the electrical eel.

Oxygenated Water.—M. Thenard, an eminent French chemist, has obtained water by experiment, which contains double the usual quantity of oxygen. Its specific gravity is, 1.45, or it is nearly one-half heavier than common water. It is colourless, has an astringent taste, and acts upon the skin like a sinapism. A drop of it, let fall on oxide of silver, occasions a detonation.

Preservation of Fruit.—M. Dumont announces, that cherries, apples, &c. are effectually preserved, by being inclosed in glass vessels, filled with carbonic acid gas, obtained from carbonate of lime, by sulphuric acid.

In one of the ships belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, which recently left the river for their settlements, Lieutenant Franklyn, late commander of the *Trent*, in the expedition to reach the North Pole, has taken his passage for the purpose of exploring that part of America, to the northward of Hudson's Bay. The route this officer is to take, will be nearly the same as that pursued by Mr. Hearne, in 1770, who stated that he reached the sea at the entrance of Copper Mine River. Lieutenant Franklyn will be accompanied by about five Europeans, one of whom is a surgeon; and on their arrival at the Copper Mine River, are to pursue such further course as may appear proper.

Accounts from Leipsic state, that the bookselling trade has not suffered in Germany, by the stagnation of trade and the scarcity of money. The number of new works published at the present fair of Leipsic, amounts to upwards of three thousand, and comprises every work that has been printed in Germany, since Michaelmas, and all that will be published before Midsummer. Medicine and Surgery, furnish this time, the greatest number of works; the number in this department amounts to seventy three.

The Bee.

*Floris ut apes in salibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

An Elder Brother, says Fuller, is one who makes haste to come into the world, to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his tidings.

Church Refreshment.—Don Bernardine de Salazar, bishop of Chiapa, in South America, was poisoned by the women of that city, because he had fixed in writing, upon the church doors, an excommunication against all such as should presume, at the time of service, to eat or drink within the church, against which the women protested, that they could not continue during the whole service, without a cup of hot chocolate, and a bit of sweetmeats to refresh them.

The Russian Peasant and his Horse.—The Russian is scarcely ever seen to strike the animal over which he has power; his horse is seldom propelled by any other influence than a few cheering and encouraging sounds; and if this increases not his pace, he does not, heated with savage fury, dissect the wretched beast with a scourge, beat out an eye, or tear out his tongue. The Russian proverb is, 'It is not the horse but the oats that carry you.' As long as the horse will eat, he feeds him; and his appearance generally honours the humanity of his master.

Anecdote of Henry IV, King of France.—M. de Noailles was in love with the aunt of this monarch, and wrote, one day, with a diamond upon the window of her chamber—

*Nul bonheur me contente,
Absent de ma Divinité,
When my Divinity I quit,
All other pleasures fail.*

Henry, coming into the room soon afterwards, wrote in the same manner, under them—

*N'appellez pas ainsi ma Tante,
Elle aime trop l'humanité.
No such great name my Aunt can fit,
She's as a mortal frail.*

An Ignorant Monarch.—Withered, King of Kent, used the sign of the cross for his mark to his grants, he being unable to write his name.

Lancashire Negativism.—At a time when silver was very scarce, a countryman came into a grocer's shop, in Warrington, and holding forth a bank-note, said to the young man in the shop, 'You cannot give me no change, nor I cannot get no change no where; and so I cannot go into no ale-house to get never a glass of nothing.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. P. and Wilford, in our next.

X.'s second letter in 'Vindication of Cockneyism,' and a 'Critique on the Print from Harlow's Picture of the Kemble Family,' are unavoidably deferred till our next.

'The Origin of Ale House and Tavern Signs, and the 'Comparative State of Pauperism and the Poor Laws, now and at the Revolution,' as early as possible.

M. L., P. Edwards, and Sam Spritsail, are received.

We much regret that E. J. reached us too late for insertion.

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